Yankee Doings

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

Vol. VII · Boston, Mass. · July-Aug., 1926 · No. 7

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WILLIAM J. KEVILLE
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PHILIP N. SANBORN
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WHICH STAR IN OUR FLAG IS YOURS?

Did you know that every star in our American flag has its own individual and particular State, which it represents, and that its placement on the square of blue is carefully and definitely regulated by law and executive orders? On the 26th day of October, 1912, the last executive order concerning the flag was made, and it provided for specific arrangement of the stars. They were to be arranged in six horizontal rows, of eight stars each, starting in the upper left hand corner and placing each row from left to right. The star corresponding to each State is named in the order of the State Ratification of the Constitution. Thus, star No. 1, in the upper left-hand corner, is for Delaware; star No. 48, in the lower right-hand corner, is for Arizona.

As to our own New England States:—

Maine	3rd Row—7th Star
N. H.	2nd Row—1st Star
Vt.	2nd Row—6th Star
Mass.	1st Row—6th Star
R. I.	2nd Row—5th Star
Conn.	1st Row—5th Star

Sign in a restaurant: "No checks cashed. We have arranged with the banks that we cash no checks and they sell no soup."

"PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?"

"Good heaven! Why, even the little children in France speak French!"—Addison.

Never go to France
  Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
  You will repent, by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
  And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
  A nation with a dummy.

Chaises stands for chairs,
  They christen letters billies,
They call their mothers mares,
  And all their daughters fillies;
Strange it was to hear,
  I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather queer,
  And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make,
  For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
  A telegraph in motion.
For wine I reeled about,
  To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns,
  To ask for "Beef and bully."

Moo! I cried for milk;
  I got my sweet things snugger,
When I kissed Jeannette
  'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
  My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs,
  By clapping hands and crowing!

If I wished a ride,
  I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride,
  I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
  It bored me every minute,
Now here's a hog to change,
  How many sows are in it?

Never go to France,
  Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
  You will repent, by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
  And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
  A nation with a dummy!

Smokeup—"Did yo' ebah walk five miles to git some chickens an' fin' de hencoop full o' a bear trap, spring gun an' dawg?"

Whiffem—"No, big boy, but ah talked back to a fust sarjint onct."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

On Sunday, the eleventh day of July, 20,000 wounded veterans of France paraded in silence through the streets of Paris. They rode who could not walk; they were led who could not see. Call it propaganda if you will; an unfair assault upon the sympathies of the nation. Nevertheless, it was France's protest against the terms of the American debt settlement.

* * * *

What are the facts? As we see them—and this is a personal view only—France owes us nothing. When we took our place at the side of the Allies, their direst needs were men and money. The men were not at hand. The money was. It was used in a cause that was ours as well as theirs, and much of it was spent in this country. Later, we sent men. We did not loan them, we gave them. Not to fight France's battle alone, but ours as well. Is the money then more precious than the men, that we must have it back? Some claim that such a view is sentiment, it is tommyrot, it is not good business. We have the right and the power to collect. We must collect. France can pay.

* * * *

Yes, probably she can pay. She has paid so little already. A gold star in the window of some home in every corner of the realm. A thousand smoking villages on that morning of November 11.

* * * *

There was a day when men's thoughts were above dollars and cents. That day when Yank and Poilu sat down to wine together, when madame shared her weekly bread ration with the boys billeted in her hay-loft, and they chopped the wood for her kitchen fire. One good thing—and one only—came out of the war. The awakened understanding in the breasts of the comrades-in-arms. The understanding of one another's mode of life, of one another's national hopes and aspirations. If that be lost, all was in vain. Sometimes, we believe that those simple men in O. D. and horizon blue, seated around a thousand smoky stoves in a thousand dingy billets, held in their hands the key to lasting friendship which those learned men in sombre black seated about the council table failed to find.

* * * *

To shatter or even to endanger those ties of blood-brotherhood for the sake of a balanced ledger sheet is to invoke tragedy. One moment of perfect understanding between a peasant family of some little village and a squad of American buck-soldiers contained more assurance for the future than a signed receipt sent to a disillusioned people.

* * * *

On that crisp November morning we were loved. Today we are distrusted. Which is worth the more, francs or friendship? Which will stand us in the better stead when other pages of history have been turned? Sentiment, though sneered at, may pay better dividends than gold. The friends we made are still our friends. From us, the soldiers who tramped over those historic fields, a message to those who gave us their hand: It is not we who count those days in money. Let nothing sever our affection.

* * * *

"What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world, and thereby lose his soul?"

MAN SEES HIS HOME BLOWN UP 8 YEARS AFTER IT HAPPENED

Suppose you had lived in France eight or ten years ago, in the little town of Vaux, and your husband and son were both in the French army, and the German advance had forced you to leave home? Suppose, when it was over, you had gone back again, and found that home in ruins? Then, just suppose that eight years later, in far-off America, you had casually entered a maison de cinema, and there, on the screen, had seen your home, as it looked when the Germans came, and watched the destruction of it by German shells? Wouldn't you have a strange feeling about it all?

This is no fairy tale, says Major Edwin H. Cooper, of Lake Wales, Fla., who came across this strange coincidence last week while exhibiting his war films in Lake Wales, Fla.

During the exhibition, as Major Cooper was explaining the various scenes, he noticed two old people in the audience whose excitement verged on hysteria.

At the close of the show, the couple came forward and apologized for their interruption, and told their story.

During the war, the husband had been a photographer in the French army. The daughter married an American army officer, and came to Philadelphia to live.

After a number of years a cable came, saying that the daughter was "tres malade." With their son the old couple came to America. but the daughter failed to recover, and died shortly after their arrival.

Then the son was taken seriously ill. France seemed a long way off. Somebody suggested Florida.

The other evening the old gentleman saw a poster which said something about war films. That was his profession; he'd like to see what those American photographers did during the war. So he, and his wife and the son all attended.

They got their money's worth.

Soldiers. Soldiers. More soldiers. They were used to that.

Then, suddenly, a scene near Vaux. All three straightened up in their seats.

The film flickered once or twice, and there was the house, the home they had left so long ago. Doughboys in front of it, dashing madly around the corner; then retreating in the distance; rifles and machine guns in action in the little garden.

Then the shells, first in the street, then in the garden. One knocks the top off the chimney, and the bricks rattle down the roof, Another explodes inside, and the entire wall seems slowly to crumple up, settling in a heap of rubbish as the smoke and dust drift upwards exposing the rooms gaping open, with broken furniture scattered about.

Another shell, and another, and the walls topple and fall, and more smoke rises, until finally nothing is left but a pile of ruins, and two or three soldiers dead on the field of battle.

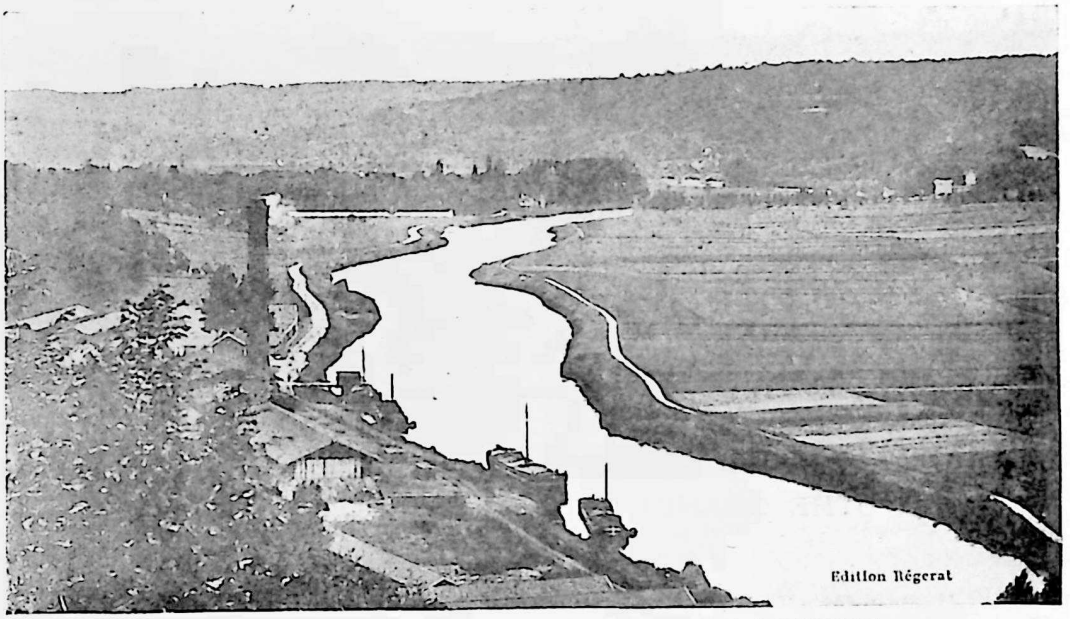
The film flickered again. The home was gone; ruins gone; everything. What mattered other scenes after that?

The three gasped hysterically, gulped, and forced back the tears, After all, they thought, is not life strange?

HISTORY OF THE 101st ENGINEERS A. E. F.

A Review of a New Book

At this time of year when memories of the war have so recently been revived by the anniversary of Chateau-Thierry, it seems opportune to bring to general attention and particularly to the attention of the Engineers, the publication of a splendid "History of the 101st U.S. Engineers" now about ready for distribution. An attractive volume of about four hundred pages prepared with scrupulous care by veterans of the regiment, it will serve ever to recall the days of hardship spent in the service. Its two hundred and fifty illustrations will bring to mind many a spot, many an episode long forgotten; its sketches revive many a phase of army life and its maps portray Engineer wanderings during a year and a half in France.



THE MARNE NEAR NANTEUIL-SUR-MARNE

Peacetime France

The history covers the formation of the regiment coincident with the development of the 26th Division, follows through the preparatory months of 1917 to the trials of the ocean voyage to Liverpool, Southampton and France. Then comes the training in France during the Fall and Winter of 1917-18, until finally in February, 1918, the regiment reaches the war-torn areas of Soissons and the Chemin des Dames, there to experience the front line conditions for the first time.

Here it was that the companies first came under shell fire and lived under ground. Here men watched with eager curiosity the shelling of airplanes by day and listened to the mighty Gothas flying to Paris during the night. Here the regiment was spread over the sector and the companies lived and worked in isolation from one another, a condition peculiar to Engineer troops.

With the launching of the March, 1918 drive of the Germans and the battering that followed, the Twenty-Sixth Division was shifted to hold the full sector commonly known as the Toul Sector. Again the Engineers are spread the length of the sector. Here in interesting detail are narrated the stories of the Galvin-Knight Trench, Seicheprey, The Million Dollar Raid, the shelling of Beaumont and the Battle of Boucq. And here, rising to one of his greatest efforts, "Joe" enthuses the entire Division,—"The Yankee Division is to be withdrawn from the Toul Sector and on July 4 is to parade in Paris to demonstrate to the French people the presence of trained American troops on French soil." For once it begins to appear that rumor is correct. The Division is withdrawn. Rumor spreads, skeptics become converts. Among the Engineers "Joe" fixes his hold more and more firmly as the regiment is rested and cleaned up. Entraining follows at Pagny-sur-Meuse and enthusiasm runs high. The train toils on its way and map-wise soldiers note progress towards Paris. The Train comes at last to the very suburbs of that city, the goal of American soldiers, A. W. O. L.'s or permissionaires. The train halts and amidst feverish excitement it is noted that the stop is at Noisy-le-Sec. Soon will the companies detrain and enter Paris. Soon will one rumor have proved true. But with customary clamor the trains are shunted about and, turning their backs on Paris, proceed to spoil one of the finest and best grounded rumors of the war. Enthusiasm flickered out. "Joe" had failed again, and instead of Paris, it was soon figured out that the goal of the Division was the great salient where the Second Division had made its heroic stand.

There follow vivid accounts of the Champagne-Marne

Defensive, the burial of dead, and preparations for the Aisne-Marne offensive in which are revived by text as well as by illustrations, scenes of Belleau, Torcy, Epieds and Trugny. When relieved, the regiment marched back through Chateau-Thierry to rest at Nanteuil-sur-Marne. A few were lucky enough to receive passes to Paris at this time, but they were few indeed.

The final chapter carries the regiment home, describes the welcome in Boston Harbor, the month of life at Camp Devens, the cold parade and discharge.

The 101st Engineers in company with the entire Yankee Division have passed into history. Memories of the Division are enshrined in thousands of homes throughout New England and the nation. Likewise memories of the

THE GRANDE TRANCHEE DE CALONNE
Wartime France

Shortly after, the regiment was transported back to a rest area at Nod and Aizey-sur-Seine. Here the rest as usual consisted of hard work and drill. Here leave rosters were prepared and hopes raised, but the leaves never transpired due to the impending Saint Mihiel drive which would never have been complete without the Yankee Division.

The history carries on through Saint Mihiel and the period spent in the Troyon Sector. It covers the Marcheville Raid and includes an intensely interesting story by Captain Landon telling of his observations and capture. There are, in fact, interspersed throughout the history many personal accounts contributed by various men of the regiment and woven into the story.

Early in October the regiment marched to Verdun, billeting in the ruined suburbs of Faubourg-Pave. A four-day stay here afforded a clear idea of the battering that Verdun had received, and frequent shelling gave warning that the city was still within German range.

The companies were then spread out among the towns and hills outside Verdun in one of the most desolate sections of war-torn country imaginable. The customary work continued. Hard fighting ensued and daily reports of successes all along the Allied front gave new courage. Abruptly the war was over, the Armistice signed.

Then followed the long march back, the winter of 1918-19 replete with inspections, hopes and disillusions until the trip to Brest in March. Here more inspections and dread of delay in departure for home.

Engineers. But with the passing of time, memories, however dear, will fail and lest the time shall come when only the vaguest of memories of the 101st Engineers should persist, it has seemed a paramount duty to put forth this history while facts and recollections of facts could, with absolute verity, be obtained. Thus is put before you :—first, an authentic record of the 101st U. S. Engineers to serve both as a reliable reference and as an interesting story; second, a valuable and creditable addition to any war library; and finally, a means of perpetuating the story of the men of New England and of that regiment so that future generations may be inspired to carry on in like manner should occasion demand.

The Crown Princess of Sweden admits that she considers the most interesting sight about New York the silk-clad legs of the women. What a beautiful unanimity of thought there must be in the royal family.

"They say that a single oyster will lay from one to eight millions eggs a year."

"Gosh! *Think* of the married ones!"

"Sisteh Johnson, ah's takin' a collection fo' de benefit of our pastor. He's leavin' us to take a church down in Alabam' an' we thought we'd give him a little momentum."

"Yo' all ain't got no good sized small hams, is yeh?" "How do you know we ain't?" "Ah didn't say yo' ain't, ah done axed, is yo'?"

ANNUAL TOUR OF DUTY OF THE 26th DIVISION

By Capt. JOHN T. O'MEARA

"To you—we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high!"

The 26th Division (less the 101st F. A.) embarked upon its yearly tour of duty on the morning of July 10th, and with the exception of the 102d Field Artillery, which came over the road, arrived at Camp Devens at about noon-time on that date.

The usual organization of the camp took place the remainder of the day, viz, cleaning the area, grease traps, setting up bunks, filling the bed sacks, etc. The 101st Infantry put on the big ceremony of the day,—a Regimental Review on the main parade at 4.30 P. M. As usual, 7,000 officers and men, very tired and happy, were in their bunks well before taps sounded.

Sunday,—Reveille being one hour later than usual, the boys were up and at it at 7 A. M. Church call at 9 A.M. saw practically every man of the division at some service or other. From 10.00 until well on into the afternoon, the lads time was well occupied with the many visitors who came to the camp. At 4.30, the 51st Infantry Brigade, Gen. A. Foote commanding, comprising the 101st Inf., commanded by Col. John D. Murphy (who commanded the 101st Inf. M. G. Co., the 102d M. G. Bn., 103d Inf., and was Div. M. G. Officer, and Chief of Staff of the Division in France, and the 182d Infantry, commanded by Col. Ally Gray, also of the 101st Inf. in France, tendered a review to Major General Edward L. Logan. It was a fine, snappy review and showed plainly that the command had a fine hold of itself for such a short period in camp.

Monday—The 101st and the 181st Infantries were on the range, a very essential part of the game, and, owing to lack of facilities, only two days per regiment is allotted to this tremendously important factor in the bringing up of a soldier. The machine guns of the two regiments were on the line, and all firing was done by fire order, a very impressive display of fire discipline and control.

The 37mm. and Stokes Mortars were on the range in rear of the Base Hospital area, and were getting in their "licks" in fine style. Some very excellent scores were made. In the 101st Infantry the men who were not actually engaged in firing were grouped and given instructions in some form or other. The band was out and practiced in the morning. In the afternoon they were given litter drill, under the Regimental Surgeon, Major Thomas Tierney of Hudson. Each afternoon was given over by the men not firing, to small tactical exercises on the ground. The enemy positions were outlined by a few troops and machine guns, and approximately a war strength company was sent against the position,—advancing over open ground to the front, the two platoons on the front were held up by enemy small arms fire and the support platoon was manouvered around the flank, under cover to envelope the position. A very instructive exercise, ably and well handled by the Junior officers and the N. C. O's. Blanks were fired by all weapons and the conditions were made as near as possible to the "real stuff."

On Wednesday morning the 182d and 104th Regiments took over the range and went through practically the schedule of firing taken up by the others. The 101st and 182d regiments were at the "grind" on their drill fields polishing up on the drill done in the armories during the winter months, drill up to and including the Battalion being refreshed. At about recall the 102d F. A. under command of Col. Redmond, which came over the road from Boxford, entered camp in fine form—men, horses and pieces appeared at their best. The march of the artillery through camp interested even the "Old timers" in the doughboy outfits.

On Thursday the 102d Field Artillery went right to it on the range, and the rumbling of the guns in the distance, drew comment from the "young fellows" of 1917, who heard the self same roll of thunder under far different conditions.

The Infantry Units, Engineers under Col. Johnny Osborne, The Medical Regiment under Col. Tom Jenkins, The Signal Corps, under Capt. Bill Simpkins, the Tanks and others went right after their combat work and gradually shaped things up to a nicety.

On Friday, the boys were given a respite from the drill field as a nasty drizzle, reminiscent of "Sunny France," with intermittent showers, kept the outfit in barracks cleaning equipment, at conferences, and listening to the officers giving lectures on many subjects. At about 9 A. M., however, the drizzle letting up a bit, the 101st Infantry in helmets and slickers, with a detail of technical advisers of the 101st Engineers, under the late Capt. Edmunds, marched out under the security of an advance guard, selected and marked out a position and dug into a depth of approximately six feet.

Saturday saw the whole division standing Field Inspection and Muster, the 101st Infantry and the 101st Engineers on the main parade, other units on the fields adjacent to their areas. Pitching of shelter tents and display of equipment were done with dispatch. The Regular Army instructors and observers commended the outfit on this achievement. Very unlike the days of 1919 at Brest, the men had what was required as regards equipment, there being no bartering between units. The afternoon, as in any mill, was a half holiday, and gave all a chance to renew acquaintances of yore.

On the trip about the camp at Division Headquarters, we ran into the following: Major General Edward L. Logan, former commander of the 101st Inf., commanding the, Division, Lt. Col. Slater Washburn of the 101st F. A. now G-1, Lt. Col. Thomas F. Murphy, formerly Regimental Adjt. 101st Inf., now G-31, Lt. Col. George Penny, 104th Inf., now Div. Signal Officer, Major John Agnew, formerly 101st M. G. Bn., now Div. M. G. and Howitzer Officer, Capt. Bill Blake, 101st Inf., now A. D. C. to Gen. Logan, Capt. Louis Morse, 101st F. S. Bn., now A. D. C. to Gen.

Logan, Lieut. Dave Michaels, 101st Inf., now A. D. C. to Gen. Logan. Strolling down the line, to the 51st Inf. Brig., commanded by Gen. Albert Foote, 104th Inf., we found Capt. Hartwell and Capt. Cote of the 104th Inf. In the mess of the Headquarters Company, Charlie Barter of Co. H, 101st Inf., kept the boys well fed. In the 101st Inf., com-, manded by Col. John D. Murphy, are Lt. Col. Arthur Desmond, 101st Inf., Major Francis Logan, 52d Inf. Brig. and 101st Inf., Major Andie Carr of Plymouth, Capt. Frederick Breen, Capt. Francis X. Phelan, Capt. Thomas F. Hickey and Lt. "Happy" Henrikus of Newton, Capt. Ed. Connors, Capt. Johnny "Flapjack" Riley, Capt. Everett H. Caswell, Lieut. Eddie Collins of Hingham, and Lieut. John Kane, of the same town. Lieuts. Sullivan and O'Neil of Plymouth, Lieut. Mongoven, Capt. Pat Healy, Lieut. John Gleason, Lt. Al Dunphy, all of the 101st Inf., A. E. F.; also Captain Earl F. Snow and Lieut. Ed. Mullaney of the 104th Inf. and Lieut. Tim Mulcahy of the 101st F. S. Bn.

Then to the 182d commanded by Gen. Allie Gray, there we found Lt. Col. George Moyse, and Major Pat O'Brien, of the 101st Inf., Capt. Bill Brown, 101st F. S. Bn., and several of the other boys of the old Division.

The same may be said of the other Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. Tom Foley, of Worcester, the 104th Infantry commanded by Col. Paul Norton, former Regtl. Adjutant of the 104th Inf., with Jimmie Rivers, Old Man Baillot and several others of the old gang right in harness. Then in the 181st are Major Erickson, Capt. Bill Rose, Capt. Fred Maloney, Paddy C. Hearn, and also several of the old crew.

Of course, on the trip around the area one is bound to run into Col. Cormerais, the Div. Inspector, coming from the 102d F. A., where besides Col. Redmond can be found Lt. Col. Roger Eckfeldt, Major Bill Howe, Capt. Bill Higgins and Major Carl Bailey.

Roving down the street to Col. Johnny Osborne's 101st Engineers quarters from whose interior raucous notes of a harmonica greet one, we located Major Frank Gibbs, and old boy Doug Gordon from Lynn, Doc Shannon of the102d F. A., jovial Lt. Gallagher, of Lynn, and several others. Then across the street to the excelsior strewn grounds of the 101st Medical Regt. (which proves a new supply of alcohol should be in the chests) one finds Col. Tom Jenkins, Major Dudley, Larry Larson, and the newest addition to this outfit, Major Bill Blanchard. Tripping lightly so as not to awaken Capt. Sam Murray, of the Tanks, who was dreaming about the yellow signal flag for Tanks, which was discontinued but still used, we ran into Lieut. Harold Smith and "Bay Rum" Downey, of the 101st F. S. Bn. Down the street we ran into "Captie" Gillespie, and "Pa Patrician," of the 101st Inf., now with the "Trick Troops." While speaking to these last two, our attention was attracted to a building whose shakes and quivers resembled the disaster of the Pickwick Club of yore. Upon entering, we gazed upon the trim figure of the fleet-footed Fire Marshall of the camp, Major Rollie Choate, whose room is, as the abode of any fire eater, fitted up in the latest approved equipment. On the wall was Box 606, a sliding pole to take the chief from his bunk to the floor and the rubber coat and fire helmet donated by the Quincy Fire Department. This leader of the fire fighters was practicing his latest masterpiece "The Dying Codfish" under the watchful eye of aquarium keeper, Capt. "Ev." Prout. We left this place shortly and ran into Maj. Johnny Atkinson of the Train, and also Parson O'Neil, Chick Nichols and Sketch Hilton, of the Signal Corps. On our way back to barracks we ran across Col. John Hyatt behind a tree getting pictures of unsuspecting victims with his movie camera. This tour would not be complete without a peek at the Hdqtrs. 51st Artillery Brigade, commanded by that dignified scholarly gentleman, Brigadier General Richard K. Hale.

Sunday the 18th, Visitors' Day, found the division in readiness to receive their friends and relatives as guests. General Logan had invited all former members of the Division to visit the camp on this occasion and the "Vets" turned out en masse. With the arrival of the guests at its height, a fire broke out in the unoccupied barracks in the area of the 101st Engineers. "Fire Call" sounded, and all units of the division were assembled in their respective areas in readiness, awaiting orders. The traffic was well handled, and so was the fire; in general, the all round work of the boys proved beyond a reasonable doubt they could be relied upon in a crisis. An amusing incident took place in the early moments of this fire. Several of the "Vets" were assembled in the Fire Marshall's quarters and—history continually repeating itself—as when "Nero" was fiddling as Rome burned—so "Alfie" Day, formerly of the 101st Engineers, was knocking weird hymns from Rollie Choate's organ.

At 3.30 P. M., the 52nd Brigade under Gen. Thos. F. Foley tendered a review to Major General Edward Logan and visitors. Under a broiling sun, the troops all "dolled up" in O. D. woolens and barracks caps, paraded to packed side lines of enthusiastic guests. A few moments later, in direct contrast to the former setting, with skies darkened and streaks of lightning piercing the blackness overhead, the 101st Infantry in fighting equipment, helmets and fixed bayonets, tendered a review to former members of the Division, that certainly touched the hearts of the Veterans. Line after line of sun browned kids, swinging past in perfect alignment, received a reception second only to that which the Veterans themselves received, and will long remember, in Boston, April 25, 1919.

The fury of the storm broke immediately on completion of this review and sent most of the visitors home hurriedly,—the troops thereby getting an early, well earned taps.

The second week found the 51st Brigade on an advance guard problem which ended in the outposting and occupation of a position, the march starting at Shirley. A Battalion of the 182d Inf., 1 Battery 102d F. A., and 1 Platoon 101st Engineers in the advance guard, moved forward to a series of hills on the other side of the camp and outposted and occupied same. Noon meal served, the work was carried on until 9.30 in the evening when the march back to a shelter tent bivouac started, arriving at same about 11 P. M. These troops marched a distance of approximately 18 miles through the day, did their "stuff" and returned to the tent camp with a song on their lips, a credit to the boys whose achievements and traditions they have sworn to uphold.

Tuesday morning the Brigade marched into camp about 8 A. M., and general policing of themselves and their equipment was on. In the afternoon at 4.30, a review was tendered Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the U. S. Very spectacular, with artillery, in finals, passing in review at the trot.

(*Continued on Page 24*)

SOME DAYS WERE NOT SO BAD

By Philip N. Sanborn

Some days were not so bad. At any rate, it had stopped raining during the night and a yellow slit of sunlight showed around the edge of the barn door as you sat up yawning and picking hay out of your hair.

And the bugler must have got pie-eyed the night before for it was already 6.45 and nothing stirring. You lay back and gazed ruminatively at the cobwebs up between the dark rafters when suddenly the door burst open and a bounding figure leaped halfway up the ladder that led to your loft with a shouted, "Snap out of it, you bimboes. Do you think you're to home?" Only to be followed by a crash and a few assorted cuss words. It was the top-kick and he had tumbled off the ladder. Today was not going to be so bad.

"Shorty" had lost one shoe in the hay and appeared at reveille in one hob-nail and one gray sock poised about two inches above a mud puddle. At "Right—Dress!" he hopped madly along a step or so and then came down both feet with a shower of mud and expletives.

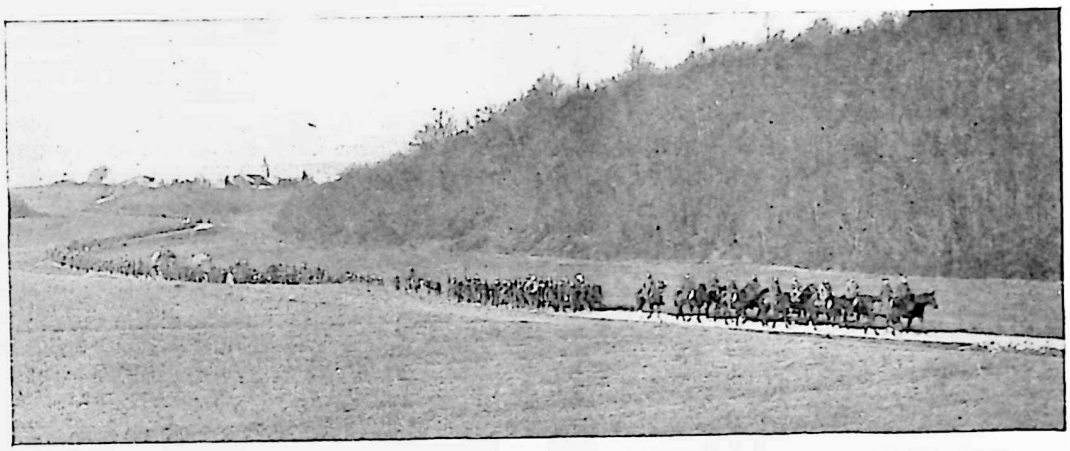
You had pulled in the night before after dark—in the rain. But this looked like a "bon" village by the morning sunlight. A Frenchman, aged about 80, across the road was already out with his little black cap, long black smock and wooden shoes, scrutinizing the company with critical eye.

Madame was conveying to the pigs their morning repast on a tea-wagon that surprisingly resembled a wheelbarrow.

A half-hour until mess. The back door of the billet opened on a long sloping bank of green at the lower edge of which ran a tiny brook bordered by two or three scraggly apple trees. In a crevice in the rough bark you tilted your tin mirror at the right angle and mowed away at a two-days beard. Followed business of pouring as much of the brook as possible over your head and shoulders. "Ahrr—rr—rr, when do we *eat!*

The bacon was fried better this morning and there was an extra can of milk in the coffee. And the soup gun was parked near a stone wall under a row of populars. No mistake. This was going to be a good day.

At eight o'clock, pack rolled and slung, you wheeled and swung into stride. Past the last house in the village with the little "frogs" trotting alongside, begging "Shocko-la".



"BEFORE YOU THE COLUMN SNAKES ALONG IN CLOUDS OF DUST"

Then the long hill to the top of the ridge. It was cool. The packs were not heavy yet. A backward glance. Red tile roofs and curling tendrils of smoke. Dip over the top of the ridge. Fini village. You never saw it again.

Hike 50 and rest 10. "Hey, what are we—niggers?" "What's eatin' you?" "It's time to fall out." "You're cuckoo that watch of yours is no good." Down from the head of the line a sharp command: "Company—Halt! Fall out on the right of the road for ten minutes."

"G——d——pack, it's filled with horse shoes. Gimme a fag." "How many kilos today?" "They say fifteen, but you know what that means." And so on. "Company—Fall in!" "Good night." This man's army. They cut five minutes off the rests and add ten minutes on the hikes.

On again, along the bank of a canal and into a village. A shop with "oofs" displayed in the window causes a bolt from the rear of the line and some bulging pockets sallying forth to run and sweat and curse trying to catch up.

Mess time. You are now in the woods, and sit around against the trees until the call comes. Hot slum. Perhaps a doughnut. Coffee. Another fag, and fifteen minutes to lie flat on your back. White clouds overhead.

Late afternoon. The packs are heavy, but you're sitting on top of the world. Around a great horse-shoe bend the column goes down the side of a hill. Before you it snakes along in clouds of dust. The band is playing. You must be nearing a village. Probably the billet town for the night. Behind you rattle the mule wagons, drivers slouched over their knees.

Down, down, down, and then still further below, you see

the red tile roofs glowing in the last slanting rays.

Into the village. Count off. 10 men in here. Another loft and plenty of hay. Packs off. Arms stretched. Mess in half an hour. Steaks and onions. The last twilight resounds to an impatient banging of mess-kits. Evening in some dim lighted cafe. A game of pitch. Perhaps a letter from home.

Flickering candles on tin hats cast wavering giant shadows on the rafters as they show where best to spread the blankets. Lights out. A sleepy drifting away. Unconsciousness.

Some days were not so bad.

FIRST EPISTLE OF LON TANDY TO THE BOSTONIANS

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I guess you will think it is a long time between drinks but without any intention of passing the buck will say that there have been few idle moments with me since making my bow to the Pacific coast.

On the whole I like it very well out here and am happy to say that I have been cordially received although I was given to understand that they did not look with favor on having a tenderfoot come out here to direct things. So far I have been able to visit the offices and hospitals in but three of the eleven States in this area. However, with a special trip made to Chicago and St. Louis recently, I have galloped over the country to the tune of twelve thousand miles since leaving historic Boston.

Was in Chicago during the Eucharistic Conference but did not see much of it as we were too busy surveying warehouse facilities for the storage and distribution of subsistence supplies for our hospitals. Had a card to the Union League Club, through a friend, since it was doubtful whether I would be able to retain my room at the hotel more than one night. Guess they did not have the crowd expected as I did not have to move to the club. I stopped at the New Bismark which opened on June 7th and is a very good hotel with twenty-three floors. The U. L. Club have just moved into their new building and it is certainly very fine. The swimming pool is on the twenty-first floor. The Morrison Hotel is, I guess, the tallest of Chicago's skyscrapers—being forty stories. The Stevens Hotel now under construction will have 3,000 rooms.

St. Louis is a much better city than I had been led to believe. After completing our work we took a ride through the park and I was impressed with its beauty. Took dinner at one of the country clubs and in the evening attended the opera at the open air theatre built on a natural slope. It seats 10,000 and with the large trees as part of the setting is very attractive. Saw "The Spring Girl" with a chorus of two hundred. St. Louis has some very beautiful buildings. On my way back I stopped for a few hours at Denver to visit an office and had lunch at the Albany Hotel. There is a trout pool in the grill and I caught a trout and had it cooked for my lunch. Good, I'll say. It was some hot coming across the desert—all day ride—104 in the shade at Carlin, Nevada. It seemed good to get back to San Francisco where a light overcoat is comfortable much of the time, although I have not worn one since coming here.

Leave Tuesday night for Portland (Oregon) and will make the stations at Seattle, Tacoma, American Lake and Walla Walla after completing a contract and visiting our office at Portland. My survey group are working in Boise making inspections and I should be with them, but as we have a proposition in San Diego closing out the hospital there (Camp Kearney) and selling seventy buildings, I will not be able to join the group until they get into Montana or Wyoming. You will see that there is enough work ahead to keep one thinking and on the move aside from necessary work at this office.

Some of our stations are quite interesting. We have a hospital at Fort Bayard, an old cavalry post in the Apache country where Geronimo held forth in his palmy days. There is 18,000 acres and we have a range herd of 500 Herefords and also a dairy herd of 400 registered stock. There are 1500 leghorn hens and enough squeal producers to furnish the station. It is eight miles from the end of the railroad at Silver City and has an elevation of over 6000 feet. I was driven to Deming which is a distance of fifty-two miles to take the midnight train out. We went through a ranch on which there were 10,000 head and with dodging them and the jack-rabbits the driver was kept busy. There was not a house in sight for forty miles. Saw Alden Parsons at Phoenix and also George Branscomb. That reminds me that there is a fellow by the name of Mann stopping at the Elks Club here who used to play around with Ralph Hutch and Bob Fisher. He was in South America for about three years.

I have been making my home at the Elks Club which is a new twelve story building, equipped up-to-date with salt water swimming pool, etc. If I ever stay here long enough to make it worth while I shall try and find an apartment.

I believe that the climate in San Diego is the best in the country and the ride from Los Angeles south is most attractive especially during the orange season. There are hundreds of acres of all kinds of fruit trees. I have not had time to take in any of the sights as yet but hope to do so a little later when I get things better organized and caught up on the work which is somewhat behind, due to the fact that there has not been a chief on the job here for nearly a year.

The flowers out here are just wonderful—roses on the street at two dozen for twenty-five cents. Geraniums three and four feet tall and all kinds in great profusion.

Well, I must stop or you will think me garrulous. Write whenever the spirit moves and tell me all the news.

Cordially and sincerely,

E. F. TANDY

276 Chronicle Bldg.
San Francisco
Fourth-o'-July, 1926.

BUT NOT MISREPRESENTING

Rufus—"Hello Rastus."

Rastus—"Hello Rufus."

Rufus—"Ah heah yo'all been quarrel'n ovah t' yo' house."

Rastus—"Yessuh, dat no count wife ob mine am all de time got de habit ob 'xaggeratin'."

Rufus—"How come now?"

Rastus—"She done gone and had twins."

"Every man give one day's pay"

YD. OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

On Thursday, August 5, the YD Overseas Memorial Committee expects to get down to brass tacks on the question of a site and a design for the proposed memorial. We use the future tense as this is being written on July 30, and as YANKEE DOINGS goes to press on the 1st day of August, it is impossible to give an account of the meeting.

But there are several things we can tell you. Bill Blake and Slater Washburn are back from France. They have visited about every foot of that 18 kilometers our Division captured in July 1918. They have maps, charts, photographs and water-color drawings of many of the sites in that sector which might prove a suitable spot for a monument or a simple marker. They have a map on which the War Department has indicated the entire area taken by the Yankee Division. The village of Belleau is in that area. We venture to say 90% of the people of the United States believe that the village of Belleau was taken by the Marine Brigade of the 2d Division. It was not. It was taken by the 26th. We know it, and the War Department admits it. But what have we got over there to prove it?

The plateau of Etrepilly is in that area. From its height one sees the spires of Chateau-Thierry. On that plateau at Grande Rue Ferme, was General Edwards' headquarters from July 21 to July 30, that critical week when the Germans made a stand at Epieds and Trugny and then yielded and were driven back to the Vesle. What is there to mark the spot? Nothing.

Picture the thousands of Americans visiting the National Cemetery at Belleau, there to see graves of Americans from every State in the Union. Then picture them crossing the road or passing to another part of the village and there seeing an imposing tablet which would tell them that this village was taken on July 18, 1918, by the 26th Division. Then keep your money in your jeans!

We can talk site, we can talk design, we can talk of divisional pride. What we need is cash. Send in yours now—today. The time has passed when good intentions for the future are just as good. Ten to one you are one of the lads who has been saying, "Sure, I'm going to give something, but I haven't got around to it." It isn't going to be any easier a week from today or a month from today. Do it now.

The September number of YANKEE DOINGS will be a special Memorial Number. We hope to have reproductions of Bill Blake's photographs and maps, and a long story by Bill himself on his and Slater's trip. Watch for it.

EDGAR B. HAWKES (M. G. Co., 103d Inf.) has sent in his bit for the Memorial from far away Melbourne, Australia.

WHASSAMATTER, 101st M. G.?

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

I have been taking a great interest in watching the growth of the list of contributors to the Y. D. V. A., but I can't understand why there are so few names from my old outfit, the 101st M. G. Bn.

Last Sunday I spent the afternoon checking over all the lists in YANKEE DOINGS, with the Battalion History as a guide, and found only twenty-five names from the battalion, including six of our officers. I should certainly like to know just what has happened to the fellows of the old outfit. If this is the best showing we can make in helping to erect a memorial to our Glorious Division, then I think we must be the "Boy Scouts" and "Tin Soldiers" that some of the G. H. Q. Inspecting Officers told us we were.

Snap to it "YOUSE GUYS" and show some spirit.

—E. SYDNEY KITSON,
Wagoner, C. Co., 101st M. G. Bn.

Pensacola, Fla., June 29.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously announced)

William T. Mulcahey
Richard Bell
George S. Zvonkovic
John F. Malone
William L. Goodwin
L. R. Barlow
Sidney Whitaker
Harold G. Mitten
Henry N. Peters
Everett H. Caswell
James E. Elliott
Joseph A. Webster
Formerly listed as
John A. Webster
Thomas A. Webb
Robert A. Beley
Edward J. Sheridan
W. W. Hill
101st F. Signal Vets. Ass'n.
Chas. E. Conway
John W. Sullivan
Carroll J. Swan
Warren F. Freeman, Jr.
Philias P. Belanger
Lester V. Grocott
Chas. W. Comfort, Jr., M. D.
Victor Dieterich
Robert W. Telford
Neale W. Hooker
John G. Kennedy
Chas. J. Goguen
Merritt F. Garland
Sidney H. Baylor
J. J. Van Acker
Frank Greene
W. Bruce M. Millan
Arthur G. Vetter
Edgar B. Hawkes
Clyde A. White
Chas. A. Gibbs
Walter D. Crowell
Wm. G. W. Holloway
Guy F. Hunter
George P. Thompson
Bert Ford
Merrill W. Harris
Wm. M. Walsh
Dana F. Kaiser
Lawrence F. Cotie
Thomas J. Byrne
Chas. J. Quinn
J. B. Wood
Robert E. Goodwin
Ernest J. J. Kluge
Timoleon Jost
Gen. Clarence R. Edwards
L. Standish Tracy
Frederick R. Paty
Frank H. Fordie
Pledges
Henry St. Aubin
Porter B. Chase
LeRoy E. Higbie
F. A. Weatherford
George F. Elliott
Edwin F. Ribero
Arthur W. Ewing
Edwin A. Holmes

ASSOCIATION AND CLUB NEWS

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Y. D. V. A.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Y. D. V. A. held on Thursday, June 24, at the Boston City Club, with President Keville in the Chair, the following matters of interest were acted upon.

An appropriation of $250.00 was made for the purpose of having 100 YD grave markers cast and placed on sale at Association Headquarters. These markers will be sold at cost plus mailing expenses to anyone desiring to place the same over the grave of any deceased member of the Division.

Mr. William Snyder was appointed Business Manager of YANKEE DOINGS with full power to conduct the financial and advertising end of the publication subject to the approval of the Committee.

It was voted to augment the list of the Division's dead now in the possession of the Association by a supplementary list containing the names and organizations of those men who are known to have died since the Division's discharge from service.

The question of re-organization of the Association, in regard to the status of chapters, etc., brought up at a previous meeting was discussed but action was delayed until the fall. Typewritten recommendations on this subject submitted by Mr. McGinnis were tabled until that time.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS, YD CLUB OF BOSTON

A regular meeting of the Governing Board was held at the Boston City Club on Friday, June 11, 1926. The meeting was called to order at 12.30 P.M. with President Swan in the chair. The following members were present: Swan, Brown, Sanderson, Eastman, W. Day, A. Day, O'Meara, Ticknor, Malone, and Snyder. Mr. Hugh Brinkley, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and Mr. Roland Choate were also present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

On a motion made and seconded it was VOTED: that Secretary Snyder be asked to become a notary public, the expense involved to be borne by the Club.

It was then moved, seconded and VOTED: that Mr. Harold Page be appointed the official bugler to play taps at every meeting and smoker of the Club.

The matter of having a Ladies' Day at the Club was then discussed. Mr. William Brown and William Snyder were appointed a committee to make plans for a showing of "Flashes of Action" pictures to the ladies' and children on an afternoon to be decided upon by the Committee.

It was then decided that the next Smoker of the Club be held on Tuesday, June 15th.

It was suggested that an attempt be made to secure Captain Taussig's United States Naval Pictures of the first American Fleet to go into the World War for a showing at a future smoker.

The Secretary then brought up a matter regarding the adoption by the YD Club of a hat band with distinctive YD colors. The chair appointed Mr. O'Meara and Mr. Palmstrom as a committee to make the necessary arrangements, with authority to proceed without reporting back to the Board.

A letter was then read from the mother of Comrade Albert M. Boland stating that on account of poor health it would be necessary for him to move to another part of the country and the expense incurred would cause him to resign as a member of the Club. On a motion made and seconded it was VOTED that Mr. Albert M. Boland be carried along on the Club roster; that YANKEE DOINGS be mailed to him regularly and that his mother be advised of this action.

The treasurer's report was then read and accepted.

Discussion was then had regarding the advisability of having a historian for the Club. On a motion made and seconded it was VOTED: that Mr. George Twombly be appointed Historian and that he be sent notices requesting him to attend all Governing Board meetings.

Mr. Roland Choate then reported that the tenants of the street floor had requested that an extension of 15 years be granted them on their present lease. After some discussion a motion was made and seconded and it was VOTED that Mr. Roland Choate be authorized to represent the Club in dealing with "Yoeng's"; that Mr. Choate be requested to confer with Mr. King and bring back his recommendations.

The advisability of creating an office of "Intelligence Officer" was then discussed. On a motion made and seconded it was VOTED that Mr. Ticknor be requested to act as Intelligence Officer for the Club.

There being no further business to come before the meeting it was moved, seconded, and VOTED that the meeting adjourn.

ADJOURNMENT taken at 2.45 P. M.

—WM. SNYDER, Secretary

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE YD CLUB OF BOSTON

A regular meeting of the Governing Board was held at the Boston City Club on Friday, July 16, 1926. The meeting was called to order at 12.30 P. M. with President Swan in the chair. The following members were present: Swan, Ticknor, Barnard, Malone, Sanderson, Brown, Day and Snyder. Philip N. Sanborn, Secretary of the Y. D. V. A. and Mr. George W. Twombly, Historian of the YD Club, of Boston, were also present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

The Treasurer reported a balance of $4,928.46 on hand with no outstanding bills.

The Secretary reported a gain in resident members and a slight loss in non-resident members as compared with this time last year.

On a motion duly made and seconded, it was VOTED:

ASSOCIATION AND CLUB NEWS (Continued)

that authority be granted the manager to sign a contract for the purchase of fuel oil from the Ballard Oil Burning Equipment Co. for a period dating from June 1, 1926, to June 1, 1927, and that he be directed to first ascertain from the above mentioned Company the cause of the increase of ¼ cent per gallon.

A committee, consisting of Alfred V. Day, Chairman, A. W. Barnard and Philip N. Sanborn, was then appointed to bring in recommendations for painting, decorating and installing a new lighting system in the assembly hall of the Club.

Adjournment taken at 1.45 P. M.

—WILLIAM SNYDER, Secretary

ANOTHER SMOKER

Contrary to the custom of past seasons, the Boston Club this year decided, by a vote of the members, to continue holding the monthly smokers during the summer. The record breaking attendance on the night of June 15, was ample proof of the wisdom of the decision.

On that evening, five reels of the 26th Division, in action, were shown to an audience highly appreciative of each detail. As a matter of fact, Division Headquarters and the 101st Infantry figured in about ninety per cent of the scenes shown. But the experiences of all of us were so much the same that this partiality was gladly forgiven by those who served in other outfits.

In addition to the 26 Division pictures, a reel of official German war pictures was shown in which was pictured the actual sinking of merchant vessels by a U-boat.

One of the gratifying features of the whole affair to those whose smoker attendance is of long standing, was the large number of new faces seen in the audience.

The usual refreshments were served.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DAY

On the afternoon of Wednesday, June 30, the women folks and youngsters of the YD were guests of the YD Club of Boston at a showing of the official Signal Corps motion pictures, "Flashes of Action." These were the same reels that were shown at the May smoker.

The attendance was large and enthusiastic, expressing their appreciation of these splendidly realistic pictures and their thanks for the courtesy extended them by the Club.

YD CLUB OF NEW YORK

On the evening of June the 9th, six members of the Old Yankee Division met in New York City and formally organized the 26th Division Luncheon Club of New York City.

MARTIN VAN BUREN COLBY was elected President, and THOS. H. SHEPPARD, Secretary and Treasurer for 1926.

After the meeting we were taken to the Lambs Club for dinner and entertainment. The evening's pleasure was provided by the actor members of the Lambs, aided by our Musician EMERSON and our Poet, MEYEROWITZ.

We meet at present at Keene's Chop House on West 36th Street, N. Y. City, every Wednesday between 12.30 and 1.30 noon. We will welcome any visiting Buddy coming to New York.

Address all mail to THOMAS H. SHEPPARD at 124 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N. J. —T. H. S.

OLD HOME STUFF

By Ted Robinson (YD)

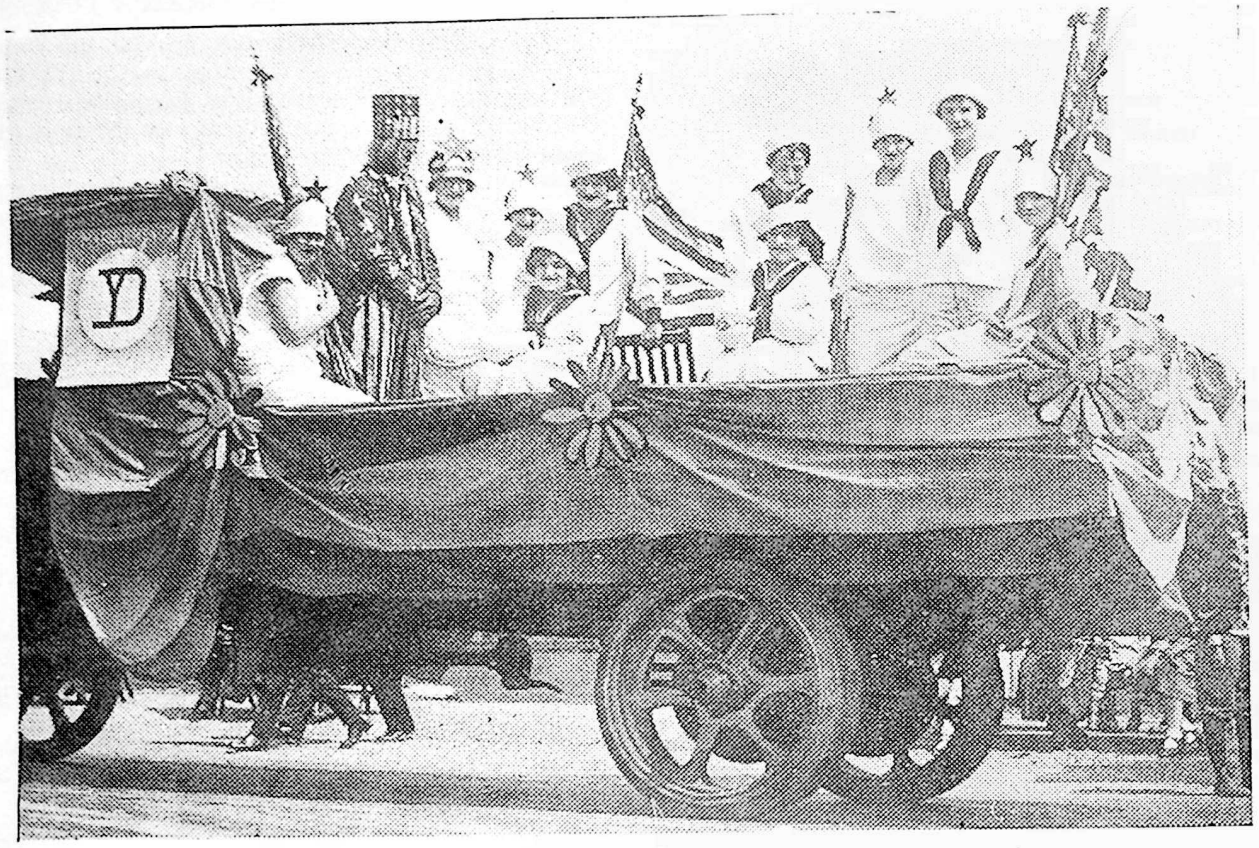
How dear to my heart is the Old-fashioned Cellar,
The kind that was under my infancy's home.
How sweet are such thoughts to a middle-aged feller,
When seasons and treasons have frosted his dome!
As big as a barn and as rich as a cavern
That held all the wealth of Aladdin of old—
A fragrance of treasure more precious than gold.
The old-fashioned cellar, the boulder-walled cellar,
The sweet, country cellar, so deep and so cold!

Like incense that rises in dim, solemn chapels,
Like Araby's breezes all laden with spice,
There comes to my nostrils the odor of apples
And other comestibles almost as nice.
And there was the bin where we kept the potatoes;
And there were the shelves full of jams and preserves;
And there were the racks full of crimson tomatoes
That showed through the gloom their delectable curves.
The old-fashioned cellar, the beam-ceilinged cellar,
A joy to the heart and a balm to the nerves!

The rafters were owned by the hairy-limbed spider;
The corners were mined by the fat living rat;
But the walls were all flanked by the barrels of cider
And sluggish molasses much sweeter than that.
How oft through my mem'ry entrancingly passes
A dream that starts moisture all over my tongue—
I've just been sent down for a quart of molasses—
I lick the last drops as they drip from the bung!
So tasteful and meller to boys that are young!

I live in a flat that's considered capacious,
But ice must preserve all the food we can keep;
Potatoes and apples and cider? Good gracious,
A peck, or a gallon, now looks like a heap!
I dream of those days till I'm ready to beller—
I wish that I knew of some magical charm
To get me a house with an old-fashioned cellar;
And prices and hungers would work me no harm—
A water-tight cellar, a frost-tauntion cellar,
A cellar like that which we had on the farm!

MARBLEHEAD YD AUXILIARY



THE FLOAT WHICH WON FIRST PRIZE AT MARBLEHEAD

On Friday, April 30, a May Party was held at the Chelsea Naval Hospital. Music was rendered by a 10-piece orchestra. Favors and a May basket were given to each man. May baskets, fruit, etc. were sent to Danvers Hospital where there are a number of our buddies.

On May 3, a minstrel show was put on, at Abbot Hall, to a packed house.

In the hospital at Fort Banks we came across TIMOTHY SHEA (Co. L, 104th Inf.) who is now in the 9th Tank Co., Camp Devens.

The Auxiliary is having a very busy summer which includes two outings for the Disabled from Chelsea Naval and the U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 44, West Roxbury. A sale for the Naval Hospital at the Hotel Rockmere and the midsummer concert and Third Annual Dance at Abbot Hall on Labor Day night.

During the recent big celebration held in Marblehead on the anniversary of the Birth of the Navy, the YD Auxiliary Float, a print of which appears above, won first prize.

An Italian, having applied for American citizenship, was being examined in the naturalization court.

"Who is President of the United States?"

"Mr. Coolidge."

"Who is Vice-President?"

"Mr. Daw."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse me, please; I vera busy worka da mine."

"Children," said a teacher, "be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?"

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."

"Are you trying to steal one of those apples, my boy?" asked the grocer sternly.

"No sir, I'm trying not to."

THE DISPATCH RIDER

By A. S. Wilson

At Headquarters, in Toul, telegraph instruments ticked off orders and stories of the War. Out in the yard an American soldier by the name of M. V. B. Colby, 51st Brigade Headquarters, Field Artillery, stood by his motorcycle, ready to leave for the front. The sun blazed down on the old French town and it seemed a long time since the previous terrible winter around Neufchateau, where in the constant rain, snow and mud, many a YD man had proclaimed to the world "Well, I don't know what the devil Germany's fighting for. If she wants this country she can have it, as far as I care, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

Colby, the Dispatch Rider, kicked over his engine, hopped on, rattled out of the yard, passed up the street and out of the town, on toward the region of the Chateau Thierry drive. He covered many miles by noon.

At last he came to a long road, near the front, Holes in the fields nearby, distant rumblings now and then—it began to look and feel as if there was "something doing" on further.

The countryside was hot and dusty. Big clouds floated slowly across the summer sky and the sun sent wriggling heat waves up from the old shell-marked road. Colby was coming along the crest of a hill, The road descended the slope, struck across a valley for a few miles in full view of the enemy, for off to the right hung the menacing bulk of a big "sausage" belonging to "Fritz." This hill they called "Dead Man's Dip." The distant hills appeared warm and friendly behind the summer haze but there was a sinister, forsaken look about the whole landscape—a foreboding—an evil spirit that brooded over the glittering brass of the sun-bathed scene. Straight ahead the shadowing haze dimly revealed jagged outlines of a spire, the hunchback forlornness of battered roofs, and a gaunt tree or two that had stood through the bombardments of this town of Fère-en-Tardenois.

From away off came the zoom of a plane and ominous booms and growls of artillery, black spots suddenly appeared in the sky, spreading out to gray blotches and fading softly. The Germans were "strafing" an American plane that buzzed angrily over their lines.

No other life or movement, no birds, no flowers, nothing. Here was Milton's "Dismal situation, waste and wild."

Over the crest of the hill came the rider, his machine spitting vicious defiance. He rode deliberately now at thirty miles an hour. His machine would do seventy but it was policy to go slowly, so that the enemy would not be able to judge his speed and get a range on him. The rat-a-tat-tat of a muffler-less motor with the clutch slipped out and the motor raced, would fool the enemy and cause him to misjudge the speed.

On across the valley the motorcyle rolled, curving around shell holes and dead things—deliberately on, with Death but across the hills. "Why don't they shoot? Aw, H----! This ain't no excitement," he thought. and shook his fist in the direction of the "Blimp." Not a peep out of them! Evidently one man was not valuable enough to warrant the waste of a shell.

Our friend rode straight into the ghostly town, stopped before a pile of stones, set his machine against them and disappeared into an opening, delivering the mail.

It was late afternoon, he had a long way to go back, so he came out quickly and turned his engine over. Suddenly, with an alert movement, head turned sidewise, he stiffened. From the enemy's direction came a tiny pencil of sound, changing swiftly in tone to a rattle that sounded like a trolley car and then, with increasing volume, until with a tremendous rush and roar, the thing reached its climax and the ground trembled with a heavy concussion. It had happened in a moment. Up street Colby could see a low lying, black cloud, spreading away from the gray fountain of dust and stones that made up its center. Again that queer silence fell over the town and he laughed jerkily, saying to himself, "Well, my name wasn't on that one."

Out there ahead of him, stretched the return journey. Would the Germans be quite so careless now or were they, with Mephistophelian cunning, but giving him a few minutes to prepare for death? Well, it had to be done anyway!

Slowly, carefully his motorcyle went slipping along through the maze of holes. He was near the end. Only another couple of hundred yards and he could be called safe. Then came to his highly trained ears the tiny pop and faint but increasing whine of an on-coming shell, perhaps the last he would hear. Ah! It burst away ahead of him, the earth trembled and a fountain played its black spume of death. He rode more slowly and another hit about the same place. Now was the time! With a roar the old motorcycle leaped along the road at ever increasing speed, weaving around the holes and debris, over bumps and sticks and rocks. There was another crash, this time in back of him, the machine lurched and he found part of the back tire had been ripped off by a piece of shell. Not a minute to stop; he speeded up his faithful steed, flying, bobbing up and down, jolting horribly and then shot over the crest of the hill, around a curve—lickety-split. Directly in front he saw a shadow loom up, the earth rose to meet him and passed along beneath his body in a blur.

Riding on the side of tires he had skidded on the remains of a dead horse, scattered over the road. It took him suddenly. There was no time for picking out a soft place to fall nor even to think. He knew he had rolled like a bundle of rags to Lord-Knows-Where, that he had finally stopped in a cloud of dust and that he was still alive. So he sat up, adjusted his sky-piece, took a deep breath, carefully bent his fingers, lifted his arms, bent his back and legs and with a "whoop" got to his feet and hobbled back to the machine as an MP came running with anxious questions.

At home, in U. S. A., he had played a bit of football and his mother, upon his request, had sent over a head-guard, which he wore when riding. To this, probably, is due the fact that he lives to-day.

A lieutenant of his outfit, when first he wore this contraption, stormed considerably, ordering him to wear the regulation tin helmet and throw away the football gear,

to which Colby very calmly replied, "Who's doin' this ridin', anyway? Who's head's goin' to be in danger? Huh! Guess I'll wear this!" The Lieutenant didn't say any more.

Colby is now in the building line, with Herrick-Kelly, Inc., at 17 West 60th Street, New York City.

A Dispatch Rider's life was no bed of roses and the chances he took with speed and bad roads were tremendous. Ask one of the fellows who rode in those halcyon days to risk his neck that way now and see what kind of an answer you get!

YOU MEET 'EM EVERYWHERE

To The Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I and several of the YD boys — residents of the Wolverine State—found much timely and interesting news in the June number of YANKEE DOINGS. In fact HENRY KEARNS one of the Connecticut boys who was in our division, is going to send us his application for membership.

It may be of interest to some of the boys of 101st Artillery who were in France to hear that I received a very surprising and original visit from one of their buddies, ROYAL K. HAYES, with whom I studied at Boston University after the war, condescended to reminisce on the days when we were touring Mexico and northern France with a pack on our backs.

During the wee small hours of Sunday morning, 4.30 o'clock to be exact, my door bell was recently rung and a taxi chauffeur in a very humble manner asked if Mr. Mooney would talk with Royal Hayes. Of course, I dressed toute suite and after an exchange of pleasant and enthusiastic salutation, Royal suggested that we drive down to Belle Isle, the great park and beauty spot of Detroit.

We were roaming speedily along the thoroughfares of the Dynamo City, swapping reminiscences with a buddy I have not seen in five years.

Royal said he sent a telegram at 3 A. M. that morning but he beat the wire by ten hours. Evidently he had spent a hectic evening fighting the war all over with a group of Michigan war-time bird men. As is customary on such occasions, the YD man came out on top. This I gleaned from the following telegram that he sent that morning.

> "Michael Mooney
> 252 Ford Ave., Detroit Mich.
> "I am in the 'best of spirits', call for me at Hotel Statler Sunday morning. I've drunk the aviation force under the table and am now ready to take on the Foreign Legion. Shall have dinner with you. Come down and see me in the morning."
>
> ROYAL K. HAYES

Royal is advertising manager and salesman extraordinary for a big publishing house and is making good. I am studying and working at the Ford Institute of Technology. At present, I am lubricating America's best car, the "Lincoln."

I trust that any of the YD boys that visit Detroit would look me up, but tell 'em that reveille at my house Sunday mornings is about 8 A. M., but 8 A. M. or 4 A. M. there is a big WELCOME written on the door mat. With heartiest wishes to my former buddies of the Mexican Border and Great War campaign, I am,

Fraternally yours,

Detroit, Mich. MICHAEL J. MOONEY (101st Inf.)

CONGRATULATIONS

On June 1st, in New York City, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. GREENBERG, (Co. L, 101st Inf.)

On Saturday, June 12, SIDNEY HEDGES BAYLOR (101st F. A.) and Lillian Catherine Ratigan were married at 29 Audubon Road, Boston. They leave for Denver the first of this month, where Sid. is to be with the Public Service Co. You know Sid. graduated in June from M. I. T.

TAPS

MANUEL E. DEMELLO (Batt. B, 101st F. A.) passed away on January 21, 1926, in New Bedford, Mass.

WILLIAM P. DONAHUE (Batt. B, 101st F. A.) passed away on June 6, in Wellesley Farms, Mass.

On June 11, THOMAS J. BEASLEY (Co. L, 104th Inf.) died at his home, 56 Mystic St., Arlington Center, Mass.

At 45 Summer St., North Brookfield, Mass., on June 30th occurred the death of DONALD M. JOHNSON, (Hqtrs. Troop and Motor Transport Office).

The funeral of Maj. SIDNEY C. HARDWICK (Regimental Surgeon, 104th Inf.) was lately held in Quincy, Mass. There were present delegations from many different organizations and the bearers were former members of the division.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to B. W. KILEY (101st Inf.) because of the death of his parents who died within a week of each other.

CARL IVER D. JOHNSON (Co. F, 101st Engineers) died on July 24th and was buried from his father's home in Newton July 27th.

Captain LEWIS J. EDMUNDS, 101st Engineers, M. N. G., formerly of the 101st Engineers, 26th Division, A. E. F., died of wounds received in an explosion at Camp Devens during the Division's annual tour of duty. Captain Edmunds was Demolition and Explosives Officer of the regiment, and an acknowledged expert in his line. While engaged in a problem of blowing up bridges, a delayed explosion, caused by a faulty fuse, inflicted upon him injuries which resulted in his death. The same accident wounded four enlisted men. Captain Edmunds was borne from the camp with full military rites and accorded all the honors of a soldier killed in line of duty.

Captain Edmunds was a member of the 101st Engineers Overseas, first with the rank of Master Engineer, Senior Grade, later being commissioned a 2d Lieutenant. He was the demolition expert of the regiment. Both as an enlisted man and as an officer he had the respect and affection of all who knew him. The National Guard has lost a valuable officer, and we veterans, a good friend and comrade.

AMERICAN LEGION ITEMS

FOR STATE COMMANDER

WILLIAM McGINNIS (102nd F. A.)

FOR STATE ADJUTANT

JAMES P. ROSE (101st Inf.)

At a meeting held at Marblehead, Mass., June 6, 1926, which was the most largely attended ever held by the county organization, delegates from Posts of the American Legion in Essex County, by a roll call vote, unanimously voted to present and support as its nominee for Department Commander at the State Convention, to be held in Salem, September 9, 10, 11, 1926, William McGinnis of Lawrence Post, No. 15, the present Senior Vice-Commander of the Department of Massachusetts.

He is the first rehabilitated veteran to be presented to a convention in Massachusetts as a candidate for Department Commander. He completed the three years' course in Business Administration at Boston University in two years. He is a trained executive.

Those who know "Bill" McGinnis, his service to the Legion and especially to the disabled, his rugged honesty, his determination and manliness, and his unswerving, loyalty to the cause of former service men, strongly recommend his candidacy to the convention of 1926. He merits a well earned promotion.

He enlisted May 6, 1917, in Battery C, 102d Field Artillery, and served through the war as an enlisted man. He was wounded in action at Trugny Woods, Chateau Thierry sector, July 23, 1918, and was for several months in various hospitals in France, later returning to his unit and being discharged with the 26th Division, April 29, 1919.

(*See next page, Col. 1*)

YD men throughout the State are rallying to the support of JAMES P. ROSE, 1st Lieut., 101st Infantry, A. E. F., who, after listening to the advice of prominent Legioniares, has announced his candidacy for Adjutant of the State Department, American Legion.

There are few men in the American Legion in this Commonwealth who have a greater military record than Jimmie. He enlisted in the regular army at the age of 16 years, —served for 3 years in the Philippine Islands through the Moro Country, being the youngest 1st sergeant in the service. He was 1st Sergeant of Co. D, 23d U. S. Inf., a regiment in which General Edwards was Captain for 15 years. He was wounded in action in the Philippines.

In 1916 he enlisted as a private in Co. H, 9th Mass. Inf., for service on the Mexican Border and was later made 1st Sergeant.

After this fracas he retired to civil life, but when his brother was killed in action, he immediately re-enlisted.

Although not a college man, he was admitted to the first Plattsburg Officers' Training Camp as 1st Sergeant of the 9th Mass. Inf. He was elected president of his class and was commissioned Aug. 15, 1917, being assigned to the 76th Div. as instructor, but with the help of Gen. Edwards was transferred back to the 101st Infantry.

He was again wounded in action and remained in the hospital for 22 months. Upon his discharge he entered law

(*See next page, Col. 2*)

FOR STATE COMMANDER

(Continued)

He has served as Commander of Lawrence Post, No. 15 (1920-1922) inclusive; Commander Essex County Council and Department Executive Committeeman, 1922; Third Vice-Commander, 1923; Second Vice-Commander, 1924; First Vice-Commander, 1925 to date. He has been a delegate to every State Convention and to the National Conventions at Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, St. Paul and Omaha.

His service in every Legion office has been thorough, sincere and creditable and his many friends of the Yankee Division would like to see him the next Department Commander.

YD POST 290, AMERICAN LEGION ELECTION OF OFFICERS

At the regular meeting of the YD Post, 290 A. L., held Monday, July 26, the following officers were elected for the year 1926-27. Commander, James D. Wood; Vice-Commanders, Albert W. Barnard, Fred Wilson; Adjutant Robert Duncan, Jr.; Finance Officer, L. H. Redfield; Sergeant-at-arms, Avon Smith; Historian, Norman Carter; Chaplain, John T. Haines; Welfare Officer, Harry Nichols; Child Welfare Officer, William Connolly; Executive Committee, Alfred V. Day; Sigsbee Donovan, Edward J. Ferguson, A. Joseph Furdon, James H. Lynch, James J. McKendry, W. Harold Page.

With the exception of the Historian, all of the above officers and directors are holding the office to which they have been re-elected at the present time.

The following were elected delegates to the State Convention:

	Alternates
James D. Wood	William J. Brown
James P. Rose	Harry Nichols
James J. McKendry	Fred Wilson

FOR STATE ADJUTANT

(Continued)

school, winning a place of honor in his class and received his degree of L. L. B. in 1925.

Prior to and since his graduation from Law school he has devoted his entire time to the interest of the Legion without one cent of compensation, working daily under the administrations of Commanders Edwards, Harlow and Good. He has been for three years delegate to the Suffolk County Council; served on the Speakers Bureau; served on the Legislature Committee, his last work in this being with "Bob" White, where they defended the Veterans' Preference. He was active in the fight to make Armistice Day a holiday. He has toured the State on 3 different occasions fighting the pacifists and other opponents of the veterans. He was Secretary of the Co-operating Committee of the Legion in the drive for the Mass. Gen. Hospital; organized 75 committees in the State and raised over $100,000, thereby giving the lie to the people who say the Legion is selfish.

At the Boston Convention he was overwhelmingly elected delegate-at large to the National Convention at Omaha, Neb., and he made an eloquent and notable speech supporting a Masssachusetts resolution for fair retirement of the enlisted men of the army. He entered a debate with Mayor Leach of Minneapolis on this issue and officers of the General Staff and War College, and by his eloquence and logic, swung the convention which adopted his minority report against the majority report of the Committee of National Military Affairs.

He is fearless and competent and there is no more sincere Legionaire in the ranks than Jimmie.

He has been a member of the YD Club since it was established.

Suffolk County has indorsed him and many prominent Legionaires, including several Past Department Commanders, are supporting him.

THE YD POST OF THE AMERICAN LEGION HAS UNANIMOUSLY INDORSED HIM.

YD POST PICNIC

YD Post 290, A. L., held its first Annual Picnic on Thursday, June 17, at Fieldston, in Marshfield. About seventy-five made the trip, many of the men bringing along their families.

From the post mortem discussions around the Club, the picnic was one grand success. Especially the ball game between the married men and the free men. This in spite of the fact that the aforesaid game came near being grounds for a divorce suit between the two factions and the founding of a separate post.

It seems it was this way. One of the umpires was Al Day. True to his profession as a bachelor, Al did his best. (We're not accusing him. The confession is his own.) Aided and abetted by the other nine members of the free men's team Al managed to keep that side ahead until—alas—a temporary retirement from the field of battle (for important reasons we are not at liberty to divulge) enabled the foe to turn the tables. And this is the way they did it, as we are given to understand. Ted Wilson scored a run. By what means he did it is immaterial. He went back to coach on third, from which unusual position he stole home for another tally. That is the story the free men tell. We do not vouch for it.

There were races. One for women over 130, and one for women under. We do not know whether the figures refer to pounds or years. But that too, is immaterial. Any woman would as soon admit one as the other. In the men's race, Harlow beat the gun the first time, and Leonardi had the same misfortune on the second attempt. At that stage all the contestants were too blown out to try further and it was declared no contest.

There were eats and drinks and all the usual picnic features, followed by the motor ride back to Boston. It was a whale of a picnic and armistice papers are being drawn up for the signatures of the ball-and-chain gang and the disciples of Patrick Henry.

OFFSHOOTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly
(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

101st INFANTRY VETERANS' ASSOCIATION VISIT TO CAMP DEVENS

The 101st Infantry Veterans' Association accepted the invitation of Maj. Gen. Edward L. Logan, commanding general of the 26th Division, National Guard, to hold its reunion at Camp Devens on Visitors' Day, Sunday, July 18.

A convoy of about twenty cars left from the YD Club at 12.30, arriving at the camp at about 2.30. There they were cordially received by their former buddies who are now members of the new division. The party divided and spent several hours visiting old friends.

In the latter part of the afternoon, the visiting veterans were tendered a review by the entire 52d Infantry Brigade, followed in turn by the 101st Infantry in full fighting equipment with steel helmets and fixed bayonets. It would be hard to say which gave the greater thrill, the honor of standing in the reviewing stand or the spectacle of the long lines of well disciplined lads passing by,—carrying on our name and our tradition.

Following the review, the Association held a regular meeting at Divisional Headquarters. The veterans were addressed by General Logan, Colonel Murphy, Major Breen, and Captain Blake. All were urged to lend their fullest support to the Overseas Memorial. It was decided to make the visit to Camp Devens an annual affair. The veterans thanked General Logan for his invitation and hospitality, and expressed their pleasure in the day's events.

After the meeting, each man was assigned to his own old company for evening mess. This proved a highly satisfactory arrangement, and the chow spoke well for the 26th Division cooks.

The visitors attended a band concert in the evening and then motored back to Boston. The Veterans' Association is now in fine shape and travelling along in high. Make it your job to urge your old comrades to sign up. Get in touch with Albert W. Barnard, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston.

—A. W. B.

"H-ER COMP."

The grand attack of June 11th on the YD Club by our Association via the smoke-talk was most successful. The casualties being nil and the prisoners many. We captured considerable material which will be very helpful in resuming operations in the fall and the returns were most gratifying. We wish to thank all those who participated in this engagement (both friendly and enemy troops) for their help in making this final attack for the spring a grand success.

We usually are very fortunate in most of our engagements to have a very helpful reserve M.P. lineup, but owing to another major engagement in the Greenfield sector, it was necessary for our M. P.'s to be there. Being delegates to the V. F. W. Convention representing the Boston Police post. (It might be interesting to know that we have never had to call upon these M. P.'s) but we usually figure to have them present should the boys get playful and start to kiss each other with the furniture, which is the very gentle manner they show their affections for each other sometimes.

Our M. P.'s played a most important part in the engagement in the Greenfield sector, one to the extent that he was promoted to the rank do ??? Let's see what do they call it? Well, anyway, he was elected State Commander of the Cooties.

We wish to Congratulate BILLY HAYES upon his achievement, and trust he will uphold the dignity of the name he now holds (whatever it is), anyway, he is the big Cootie of the State.

We are in receipt of a letter from MIKE ALBANESE from the Pacific Coast, with sad news indeed. He states he is in a Veterans' Hospital out there with T. B. and requests that we try to have him transferred here to the East where he can be near friends and his family. We surely will do everything in our power, because in the end we are organized for that purpose—to be of help to our less fortunate comrades when the occasion arises.

We had hopes, if his spirit was such (and it wasn't) to call upon one MIKE SIEDLER, better known as "Mr. Casey" to do his famous Butterfly Dance at the smoker. It's a dance worth seeing and can only be done right by one Honorable Michael Issador Siedler, but unfortunately, his spirit, or rather his spirits, were not up to par so we had to dispense with it.

We had the extreme pleasure some time ago of witnessing a sight for sore eyes. One CHARLIE PERRELLI, better known as Officer Perrelli, of Station One, doing a 60-yard dash on Hanover St. in pursuit of one escaped hen. Boy—it was some sight. He finally caught it, but not until after half of Hanover St. was looking on.

We have plenty more we could say, but not wanting to hog the space in the DOINGS and also trying to save a little material for the next issue we will close this time with a Soldier's Farewell.

—E. H. C.

103d INFANTRY

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

The first act with my June copy of yours is to take it in to neighbor General William C. Hayes, a few doors up the

street, for him to read our "104th Infantry" column. We've some real promoting ahead in order to get the monument in place for the 10th anniversary of the "Springfield Grand Review March" September 12, 1917. Your column is the honor event of my life.

"Apremont Day" 1927 has been set for the unveiling of the mural, "The Decoration of Colors," at the State House. The ceremonial parade for that event is intended to comprise escort of the 104th A. E. F. Veterans by the Boston School Cadets, armed and fitted as "Young Guard of Honor" representing "preparedness" against any such issue as the 104th with the Yankee Division A. E. F. fought in 1918. In the 1927 event will be also a possible motion-picture of the combined Grand Review and "Apremont in Eruption" in one film as a historical movie, at Boston's "Metropolitan," after an "Elk's" testimonial banquet to the 104th Veterans in the new Elks' Home across the way. YANKEE DOINGS must be in on all this to the limit. Maj. Geo. Roberts is taking this program up at Camp Devens. Frame it now. 10 months go quick.

General Hayes just gives the O. K. Somehow my frames suit him, who is my ideal of a Patriot.

Yours fraternally,
—ALBERT WINSLOW COBB

Springfield, Mass., June 22, 1926.

Met "CHUBBY" WESTON (M. G. Co.) recently. "Chubby" is still down on the farm flirting with the cows and the chickens. He tells me that he has taken unto himself a better half, and that he owns his own home. Evidently, there is money in the farming industry.

He also wants me to spike the rumor that has been recently going around. He says there is nothing to it, and never has been. —E. A. H.

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

It will probably be of interest to the Veterans of 101st Infantry to learn that their former Chaplain, Rev. John J. Mitty, now Pastor of St. Lukes Church, Bronx, N. Y. C., received official word last week of his appointment by Rome to the Episcopal See of Salt Lake, Utah. Bishop-elect Mitty will have a diocese of 154,000 square miles, with only 30 priests. His consecration will take place early in September, and his departure to his new diocese will occur in October.

Once again, history repeats ,—the wise men always come from the East!

Respectfully,
—JOHN A. CONNOLLY
Ex. Chaplain 49th Art., A. E. F.
New York City

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

The plans for our Fourth Annual Reunion are coming along in great shape and we are looking forward to a wonderful day Sunday, September 12, 1926. Come all and have the best time ever.

COKE WOODMAN is having a good season pitching for New Haven in the Eastern League.

Battery C had an outing at Pelham, N. H., together with the Veterans' Association of Companies K and M. From all reports they had a wonderful time. FRANK WELDON had charge of arrangements.

Word was received the last of May of the death of WILLIAM A. SEARLETT. He was injured beneath a falling boulder at the United Verde Copper Mines, Jerome, Arizona, where he was employed. Bill started in 1917 as a private in the Medical Detachment, but transferred and came home a Lieutenant with one of the Batteries.

Don't forget that we are still looking for your contribution to the Overseas Memorial. We are still in third place and want to move up a bit. Every man should give one day's pay.

JOHN BOOTH, Chairman of the Reunion, says that anyone who misses it will regret it as long as he lives, so govern yourselves accordingly. Don't forget the date, Sunday, September 12, 1926. —"SANDY"

102d MACHINE GUN BN.

COMPANY A

September 24th is not too far distant to plan for the reunion at Rutland, Vermont. Means of transportation now looks like a bus ride (not a camion) for the bunch. Speak for your reservation before the storage place is taken.

"Sloppsy" Cocklin blew in and out quickly a short time ago. He claims the Committee has started to function. It is rumored that red flares will not be carried this year in the parade (George may carry one to get even) and that all overhead wires will be placed underground so that Ralph won't have to keep "The Colors" dipped.

Why not attend one of our regular Wednesday-at-Noon luncheons at the Boston Chamber of Commerce? These are the reg'lars who are keeping the outfit alive:—George Bentley, "Dave" Crockett, "Pop" Covey, "Buck" Freeman, Ralph George, "Art" Havlin, Frank Hitchcock, Harry Rodd, and John Sanborn. Many others come occasionally.

John L. McSwan, mostly of Natick and sometime of Div. Hqrts., has been seen around the North Station. Said he was going to Lawrence looking for business. Some other fellows say they are still looking.

"Stew" Johnston came up from Providence recently to lunch with the boys. A foursome adjourned to a golf-course —George Bentley, "Pop" Convey and "Art" Havlin.

Later in the day everything was celebrated but the score. Incidentally, "Stew" is an abbreviation of Stewart—further comment unnecessary.

"Pete" Eaton has left the ranks of soliciting funds as an insurance agent to serve the National Shawmut Bank, where people stroll in and leave their money. Sounds good on paper.

Elliott Zwicker, of Wakefield, has recovered from a recent operation. He returned from Florida on account of sickness (one of the reasons).

Indirectly, it is learned that W. Arthur Perrins is nestled in a farm in Enfield, Mass. None of the gang knows whether he is raising h— or chickens.

Thomas P. Brown, the sole survivor of the Bernecourt ration cart disaster, has been located as an accountant at the Hood Rubber Company's plant in Watertown.

There's still opportunity for a big improvement in our list of contributors to the Memorial Fund.

(To the Editor)—Yes, there were four other companies in our battalion.

—A. C. H.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

C COMPANY

It is reported that BIGELOW has a very light case of T. B. and has gone to Saranac for a few months. His address is 42 Baker St., Saranac Lake, New York. Drop him a line.

Another 2d Louie in our midst. This time it is KEN WHEELER. Is in the 240th Coast Artillery, Maine National Guard.

Another lost soul come to light—HAROLD WIGHT. He is a builder in Portland, Maine, married and prosperous. Has just learned that we have an association and reunions. Will come to the next one.

BARBER is now an engineer for the City of Philadelphia.

The second annual field meeting of the Association was held at the Ocean House, Old Orchard, Maine, the latter part of June. Fifty-two men showed up, the prize for the man coming the longest distance going to WALLY HILL, who journeyed all the way from Brooklyn. A large number of the regular attendants for good reasons could not be on hand but a lot of men who had never showed up before appeared—HATT, CHURCHILL, MAYBERRY, MIOUR, BASIL ROBERTS, RODRIQUE, SPEAR, and STANTON among them. UNDERWOOD, KEN GOODWIN and WALTER TOWLE acted as hosts, and everybody who came swore that they would be on hand next year and bring a friend. Make a note, every one, for the party next year.

ZOLLINGER is now working as assistant to Manager Snyder at the YD Club in Boston.

FERGUSON showed up at the party with reports of a daughter one week old. Congratulations.

—C. W. H.

D COMPANY

GEORGE KENNEDY writes in that he is a chemist in the Technical Department of the Hercules Powder Co., at Wilmington, Delware.

SAM NELSON is reported to be hale and hearty and is running a chicken farm at Lakeville, Mass. Has 300 hens with over 600 chickens.

ROBERT P. HOLDEN is District Manager of the Federal Ins. Co. at 950 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y. Wants any of the boys who go through there to be sure and look him up.

More honor for old D Co. JULIUS DANIEL, our former Lieut., won a prize of $2,500 which was offered by the National Electric Light Association for the best report for the promotion of good lighting among industrial concerns. Julius is illuminating engineer for the Edison Co. of Boston.

We hear that H. E. HOWARD, who has been in the Chelsea Hospital, has recovered enough to return to his home in N. H.

JOHN COOLIDGE is now with E. H. Rollins & Sons, 200 Devonshire St., Boston.

EDDY WALKER has received a long letter from MIKE SCHOENLY and it will repay anyone to drop into his office at 10 State Street and read it. SCHOENLY is manager of the St. Louis office for the Brunswick-Balke Collender Co. and is well and happy. Wants to be remembered to the old crowd, whom he misses very much.

—E. F. W.

F COMPANY

"The DOINGS landed on my desk this morning, which forcibly reminded me that perhaps some of the DOINGS down here might interest you. Last Wednesday, June 16, at 23 hours and 50 minutes, a recruit for the YD Sons of Veterans Association, put in his appearance at the Somerset Hospital, weight eight pounds and six ounces. He's a ten-minute egg for he shook his fist in my face before he had been in this so-called (by the crepe-hangers) vale of tears less than an hour. To save any arguments among his grandparents we decided, before his appearance, to call him Junior and he bears that label. Fortunately he does look like me and I hope he won't have any difficulty living down having the same first name.

"I have called on the small man and his mother at least twice a day ever since he arrived and am looking forward to the time when he comes home, which will be about next Tuesday. Fortunately, I can have lunch with my wife every day which makes it very nice.

"I missed the "Doings of F" in this issue. I sure do read the old magazine from cellar to attic and then take occasional trips through it to be sure that I saw all the rooms. Wish that I might be nearer Beantown to drop in and see the boys, but fate has willed it that I should be down here in the so-called "land of the mosquito." Have lived in this town a little over three years and like it immensely. I represent the *Daily Home News* and *Sunday Times* and like the work muchly.

"I would like to hear about the old gang, "DUTCH" FEHRNSTROM, REDFIELD, "LEW" TAYLOR, "ANDY", etc., etc., the names not coming back readily.

"When they have time, ask them to drop me a line. It sure would be great to hear from them. Was interested to read about "CY" MERRIAM in connection with the Memorial. I can close my eyes and see him with his knees covered with youngsters and then tossing them up in the air to the limit of his fifteen or twenty foot reach. Would appreciate it if you would send me his address so that I can drop him a line. Don't forget "POP" PALMSTROM in passing along a "Hello" for me.

"I trust that everything is going well with you and yours.

"'Here's How!' to you and all the Good Fellows in the Association and particularly to those in old F Company."

Box 770
Somerville, N. J.

—LESLIE S. MUNN

This column notes with regret the death, on Saturday, July 24, of IVER D. JOHNSON. Death came from peritonitis which set in after an attack of appendicitis. Masonic funeral services were held at the home of his parents in Newton on Tuesday, July 27, attended by members of F Company. A beautiful floral tribute was also sent by the Company. As the body was borne from the house, it passed

between two lines of Iver's old comrades of F Company: Al Day, Burt Dearborn, Vern Haslund, George MacPherson, Arthur Powers, Lee Redfield, Leonard Snape, John Van Bael, and Doug MacPherson. The American flag was lifted from the casket, folded and presented to the widow, a beautiful and touching ceremony.

At the grave, a firing squad from the 1st Corps Army Base accorded the military honor of a volley of rifle fire, and a bugler sounded taps.

Another member of the old company has gone West to join those who have gone before. At the last reunion we shall all be together again. To the near and dear ones left behind we offer our most sincere sympathy and the offer of any assistance we may be able to render.

June 5 is a long time ago, but we'll wager that the E and F Company Reunion held that night is still fresh in the memories of those who attended it. Seventy-eight men from M Company alone, more than attended on either of the two previous years, attests whether the company spirit is failing or not.

There were the usual eats and drinks (we'll pass lightly over that), the usual reminiscences and handshakings and back-slappings and all the rest. Many new faces, or rather old faces not seen since O. D. days, were seen this year.

But a new note for one of these parties was sounded when Lee Redfield called the company together for an informal business meeting. He spoke of the labor of preparing for the annual reunion, a job which has always fallen on the shoulders of a few, and asked for volunteers to help run next year's party. Many stepped forward and offered their help. He next spoke of the cost of sending out company notices, or of buying flowers in the event of the death of a member of the company, and asked that each man contribute 50c toward a company fund. This proposal met with instant enthusiasm, every man contributing, many two or three times the amount asked for. The committee who ran this year's reunion were thanked individually by the boys who came and enjoyed themselves.

Redfield also spoke of the Yd grave marker which is to be sold by the Yankee Division Veterans Association, and suggested that the Company endeavor to place such a marker on the grave of each of its deceased members. In conjunction with this it was suggested that a small YD flag, which would stand in a socket at the back of the marker, be renewed each year from the company fund as a perpetual tribute to the memory of the departed comrade. Steps toward carrying out this idea will be taken in the very near future.

Taking into account the large attendance, the good time, and the worthwhile business accomplished, this seems to have been a notable reunion, and the most successful to date. If you know the address of an F Company man who is out of touch with the company, clip out this column and send it to him, or better still, mark it, and send the magazine to let him know we are still on deck and going strong.

—P. N. S.

VISITORS AT THE BOSTON CLUB

From all parts of the country they come and glad we are to see them!

NEALE W. HOOKER (Co. M, 102 Inf.) registered on June 4th, but as he was on his way to his home in Barre, he did not have much time to spend. However, they can all spare a few moments to learn of the progress of the YD Memorial and help to swell the fund.

On June 7th, B. W. KILEY (101st Inf.) registered from New York City.

Up from Florida for a month's vacation is ALLAN MILLIKEN, (Co. D, 101st Engrs.) who has been living in St. Petersburg.

SWEN KARSBERG (Co. C, 104th Inf.) who is here on a visit from Phoenix, Arizona, says it is a great relief to get away from the burning sands of the mesas.

Another visitor was R. B. DICKSON (101st Engrs. and Q. M. Dept.) who is sales manager for the Pyrene Mfg. Co., Irvington, N. J., and who lives at 41 Ridgewood Ave. Bob hopes that any YD fellow who is around there will call on him.

E. W. BIDWELL (101st Field Hospital) paid us his annual visit and he tells us that all is as usual at his home in Collinsville, Conn.

From Watervliet Arsenal, N. Y., came GEORGE D. CHASE (Co. E, 101st Ammunition Train) who was with us for four days.

A. P. O. 709

EDWARD VEINO (103d Ambulance) is now working for the State Street Trust Co., Boston. Another new YD man there is ANTHONY J. ROCK (101st F. A. and Supply Train) making quite a collection of 26th Division men with this Trust Company.

We note that a second edition of "The Singing Blue," poems by Anne Robinson, is now ready. The death of Mrs. Robinson, who was the wife of Lt. W. E. ROBINSON (102d M. G. Bn.) was mentioned in a recent issue of the DOINGS.

During the week of July 12th, two veterans of the "Battle of Paris" played in Boston at the Olympia Theatre in a very funny and highly elating comedy, "Back to the Front." Leonard and Culver consisted of Bessie Leonard, who is said to be the original Dough-boy Girl entertainer in France, and OTIS CULVER (Co. D, 102d M. G. Bn.).

HARRY O. SILSBEE, 2d, (101st F. A.) Commander of the Lynn Post, A. L. No. 6, on the night of June 10, initiated one thousand members into that post. This event, which was one of the biggest in Legion history, took place on the General Electric Co. Field. Thousands listened in over the radio and the occasion was graced by the presence of National Commander McQuigg, as well as local Legion and civic celebrities.

Information is wanted by Mae F. Kraft, 260 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y., regarding the whereabouts of CARL P. KRAFT (103d F. A., Bat. F.), who has not been seen since last August.

KARL STANDISH (101st F. A.) sends dues and greetings from United Fruit Co., Guatemala Division, Puerto Barrios, Guatemala.

The Reunion of Battery D, 103d F. A., was held at Rands Grove, Rye Beach, N. H., on August first and a good New England shore dinner was served. Everybody seemed to have a good time.

CLIPPINGS

WAR BETTER THAN WEAKNESS

(Reprinted from "The Mail Bag," The Boston Herald, July 30)

To the Editor of The Herald:

An editorial in The Herald of Tuesday, July 27, purported to be in the interest of the truth. Let's not stretch the truth too far.

It was stated that the world war was not primarily our war. True. Furthermore, that we should never have entered the conflict had it not been for a growing sentiment in favor of one group of combatant nations because of the policies and acts of the opposing group. These were not the exact words, but they express the same thought. That such a growing sentiment existed is true. That it was the sole cause of our entering the war is not true.

As I recall it, the severing of diplomatic relations and the subsequent announcement of a state of war was brought about not because of any act of hostility committed against the allied nations, nor because of our sympathy with their cause, but because of continued disregard for our own neutrality, and continued affronts to the rights of our own citizens.

After we were in the war it is true that efforts were made to put into words the ideal for which we, in common with the allies, were fighting. Such phrases as "The war to end war" and "To make the world safe for democracy" helped to crystallize the vision of the cause. Whether these objects were brought any nearer is debatable. That they alone would ever have induced us to take up arms is questionable.

Your editorial goes further to say that had we taken measures to avoid those offenses against our own nation which came about as the by-product of the conflict between the European powers, we might thereby have avoided entering the war. The inference which I draw from this is that such a policy would have been wholly desirable. Is this altogether true?

By avoiding resistance to the stamp act we might have prevented the revolution; by allowing any state that so desired to secede, we might have avoided the civil war; Belgium, by allowing the German armies to march through unmolested, might have avoided ruin and death.

In our efforts for peace, which is one of the greatest goals of humanity; in our desire to distinguish between facts and war-time propaganda, of which there was enough, God knows; let us not forget that this is America, we are Americans, and are not as a whole— circumstances being as they were —sorry we entered the war.

—PHILIP N. SANBORN

Boston, July 29.

INTERNATIONALISM

(Editorial in the Boston Traveler)

Somebody has christened today "World Good Will Day." The spreading of good will throughout the world is the foremost task now challenging civilized peoples. Intelligent, sincere effort in that direction is greatly needed.

Unfortunately, some of the organizations and individuals most loudly proclaiming world good will and internationalism, are profoundly lacking in intelligence, sincerity or both.

A bomb explosion in front of the United States embassy at Buenos Ayres, yesterday, has been accounted for upon the theory that radical friends of the condemned murderers, Sacco and Vanzetti, are staging another one of their demonstrations—recalling similar occurrences in Paris, Lisbon, and elsewhere. Here is a phase of internationalism which has more to do with hate than with good will.

Pacifism is another phase of it. The professional pacifist not only despises war but scorns and repudiates all who have fought, bled and died to uphold his freedom. He concerns himself only with ideals and not with facts. He urges people to throw away their weapons before the need for weapons has been removed.

A surprising number of well meaning folk are deluded into supporting the schemes of the pacifists,—as exemplified by the hue and cry over military drill in the schools, summer training camps, and other reasonable means employed by the United States to provide insurance against war without the expense or threat of a large standing army.

Today in Geneva will be opened a series of conferences looking to further disarmament by international agreement. The government of the United States is represented —as it ought to be. This kind of internationalism is practical. It starts from where we are and proceeds with the next step which the nations are willing to take together.

Joining the world court is another practical measure of internationalism. By all means let us have a better tribunal than war for determining the right and wrong of international issues.

Americans should labor to bring about peace on earth, good will among men. But this does not mean that it is necessary to be carried away with every wind of propaganda, every organization for teaching our boys that it is a sin to be a soldier. At times it may be very wrong NOT to be a soldier. In a world constituted as this one is at present, it would be outrageously wrong for the United States government to leave the nation so meagerly prepared as to invite attack, or to suffer heavy initial losses in the event of sudden, unavoidable war.

It is a good thing to be internationally minded. But it is well to remember that if homes and liberties are imperilled, war may again be the only honorable recourse.

(From the tombstone of a Hampshire grenadier who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot.)

"An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot."

ANNUAL TOUR OF DUTY OF THE 26th DIVISION

(*Continued from Page 8*)

Wednesday morning was given over to polishing up on combat practice, correcting errors and violations of tactical principles which were noted during manouvers. In the afternoon at 4.15 a Divisional Review was tendered His Excellency Alvan T. Fuller, Governor of the Commonwealth. In fighting array the division passed in review, skin packs and helmets, fixed bayonets—Infantry, Engineers, Signal Corps, Medical Regt. trains, tanks and artillery.

A wonderful spectacle.

Thursday morning, the Divisional Track meet was held. The 101st Engineers with a well balanced team of fine athletes taking premier honors.

Friday A. M. the 101st Infantry under command of the N. C. O's put on a problem, one Battalion in defense with machine guns and 1 platoon Howitzer Co., the other Battalions attacking being held up, making an envelopment. A very fine problem, well handled by these young noncoms, setting at rest for all time any uneasiness as to the source of supply for leaders of the future. At 10 A. M. the officers of the Division, with communication sections, went out to and occupied the ground fought over on the maps during the winter months at the armories. Critique by Regular Officers at 7.30 P. M.—well pleased.

In the afternoon, the baseball game for the Divisional Championship was fought between the 101st Infantry and the 101st Engineers—a splendid game, replete with stirring plays, abounding with clean sportsmanship, thrilling to the end, with the 101st Infantry knocking out a 3-0 win, taking for three years in a row the Divisonal Baseball Championship, and receiving permanent possession of a beautiful silver trophy symbolic of the championship. The team of the 101st Inf. were presented individual medals at dinner at the officers' mess and sent away to enjoy the fruit of their labor—to break training.

At 4.30 P. M., the 101st Inf. tendered a review to all former members of that organization — then in camp. This is an annual affair and it was quite a surprise to gaze at the long line of men in the receiving line with Gen. Logan.

A fire that threatened the hospital area at the eleventh hour, was well handled by the troops. The "Shock Troops" of the U. S. Army again proved themselves able and willing.

Each afternoon saw some sort of ceremony in the different areas, one of the prettiest being retreat ceremony in the quadrangle in front of Col. Murphy's quarters, the 101st Infantry doing the honors.

Each evening in the triangle at General Logan's quarters, the recreational center of the division, were band concerts, singing, eccentric dancing, boxing bouts, the finals of which were captured by the 181st Infantry; also amateur and professional skits. Then of course, there were the "Hops," one by officers, and one by the enlisted men.

As in the days of old, the rookies came in for theirs, and were done up to "sizzling" conditions. The usual bucket fights were continually in progress and as usual, the "goops" coming up for the "Bacon Stretchers"—"Picket Lines flourishes on the ends,"—"Sky Hooks" and the many other types of equipment known only to the creative mind of the soldier.

The division had the misfortune of losing two dead and several injured on its tour. Capt. Edmunds, 101st Engrs., one of the most efficient and best loved officers of the Division, while blowing up bridges, on a problem with the regular troops, lost his life on a delayed explosion, caused by faulty fusing. Also four men were sent to the hospital by this same accident.

Generally, the 26th Division has once again, by the calibre of its personnel, from the Commanding General down to and including its lowest "Buck," and by the display of its professional qualifications, proven itself second to none in the army of the United States.

REVEREND JOHN J. MITTY, D. D.

Reverend John J. Mitty, D. D.

Born, New York City, 1884.

Edcuated: St. Joseph's School, Leroy St., New York, De La Salle Institute, Central Park South, New York, Manhattan College, New York.

Theological Studies: St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York,

Ordained Priest in 1906.

Post Graduate Theological Studies at Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Major Pontifical Seminary, Rome, Italy.

Catholic University, Munich, Germany.

Assistant Pastor, St. Veronica's Church, New York City, 1909.

Professor, Dogmatic Theology, St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, from 1909 to 1917.

Chaplain U. S. Army, 1917-1919; served with 49th Infantry Regiment at Camp Merritt and in France; served with 101st Infantry Regiment in Meuse Argonne offensive.

Pastor, Sacred Heart Church, Highland Falls, N. Y., 1919-1922.

Chaplain, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., 1919 1922.

Associate Superintendent, Catholic Schools, 1919-1922.

Pastor, St. Luke's Church, Bronx, N. Y., from 1922.

Compliments of

T. K. L.

DON'T FORGET TO LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE

101st ENGINEERS

ATTENTION

SEE INSIDE

FRONT COVER

JOHN D. LEWIS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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of

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